

BUTCHER HELD FOR KILLING TWENTY GIRLS AND SELLING FLESH

SLAYER IS HELD TO BE DEMENTED

Grossman's Crimes Extending Over Many Years Are Pinned on Him.

International News Service.
BERLIN, Sept. 19.—The best brains of Berlin's detective department were busy today piecing together the last links in the gruesome chain of evidence that would be-

come a hangman's noose for Karl Grossman, who was a normal man.

Stage Set For Trial.

The stage is almost set for the trial of this shabby, shivering old man, who unquestionably will go down in criminal history as the most cold-blooded fiend ever known. But it is already certain that he will never be hanged or even go to the penitentiary, for he has already proved to be history's worst degenerate, a psychopathic patient forced in human form, the most pitiable, if obnoxious, living example of the curse of heredity.

This confessed killer of a score of girls and women, butcher of their bodies, and seller of the flesh of some of them in the guise of "veal steak" or "sausage," will spend the rest of his life after a trial that is destined to fill the whole world with shuddering awe—in a hospital for the criminally insane.

Already famous savants, medical faculties of great universities, and anatomical laboratories are bidding for his skull. A race is on to buy his body, even while he is yet alive, so that when he dies he may serve the one solitary useful purpose of his existence—dissection for the furtherance of criminology.

Details of Crimes.

The International News Service is able today to give exclusively some of the printable details of the blood-curdling career of "Butcher Grossman."

His criminal career dates back to his early youth. He is now more than sixty. As a young man he served fourteen years in the penitentiary for an attack on a seven-year-old girl. After he came out of prison he was watched for a while, but then the police lost track of him. The last they knew he was keeping a small butcher shop.

It is not known exactly how many girls and women fell victims to his fiendishness, but evidence on hand confirms his confession of at least twenty murders. They extend probably over the last twenty years.

Had Brazen Nerve.

The almost superhuman cunning which goes with his kind of degeneracy, as well as unmitigated nerve, of the brazen, bully sort, made it possible for him to ply his bestial trade in the thick of one of Berlin's busiest, most populated, and yet darkest districts—the area around the Silsian railroad station.

Since his arrest, many persons have told the police of having seen, almost daily, this thin, shabbily-dressed, senile-looking man, who was gradually sliding along the narrow, little streets and alleys in that district. Nearly all of them recall that each time they saw him he carried a package, usually of brown wrapping paper. He held it tightly with both hands, almost hugging it to his stomach. Children—barefoot, tenement tots—have come forward with stories of this "bogy man" some times looming out of some dark hallway and watching them with uncanny stare as they played "ring around a rose" in the gutter.

Carried His Victims.

Little did those who caught such glimpses of Karl Grossman know that in the packages he "hugged" were human flesh and bones, still warm, and that his errand usually was one of two things—to peddle the contents to some shady itinerant butcher or half-starved inhabitant of darkest Berlin, or, if unable to dispose of them, to toss them into river or canal.

For years the murky waters of the canal near Andreas Square and those

Fresh From Paris



IN spite of the inception of the cape-coat and the three-piece tailleur, and the revival of the coat and skirt suit, nothing will be smarter nor more appropriate for autumn than the one-piece dress. At the left, such a model is developed in black chiffon broadcloth with a gilet and petticoat of black lace. The standing collar and the long, bell-shaped sleeves are features of the new mode, while the two tunics manage an effect of fullness without really being bouffant.

BEIGE twill, in an attractively draped tunic frock, depends for its unusual smartness upon a mink scarf-cape designed to be worn over it. This high-collared cape, although narrow in front, widens gradually over the shoulders and reaches the hem of the skirt in the back. The cuffs are banded in fur to match. The uneven hem-line, so ubiquitous at the Paris openings, is achieved in this model by the draping of the skirt over one hip, from which drape a single point falls below the hem of the skirt.

of the Engelbecken (Angel's basin) have from time to time yielded fragments of women's bodies. Always every resource of the famed Kriminal-Polizei was employed to track down the murderer, but always in vain. Girl after girl, woman after woman, was reported "mysteriously missing," supposedly a victim of "Jack the Slaughterer," but never was there any substantial clue to lead to his identity.

Story of Discovery.

Yet, the sight of that half-dark, fifth-story tenement room in which the fiend was finally caught, re-handled, showed that one single, perfunctory inspection of the place would have sufficed to clinch the gruesome case and nail the culprit, for it was a veritable slaughter room.

Here is the story of his discovery: Grossman had been living for a long time in a single room on the fourth floor of the house. The room served him as a combination kitchen, bedroom and "parlor"—and "operating room."

People in the same house and those adjoining had frequently occasion to complain of the mysterious old man, and the landlord in Berlin is that none ever "tipped" the police. But it is a shady quarter of this metropo-

lis and most of its inhabitants have more to hide than to reveal, though in many cases the "secret" is only unspeakable misery.

Made Loud Noises.

Often, when mounting the dark stairs to his room, Grossman half dragged a girl or woman with him. Never did any one see the same one—it was always a new face. Soon after they got to the room there were usually loud, quarrelsome words—sometimes shouts and screams.

It was on the night of August 21 that he fetched his latest and last victim to the slaughter room. Grossman was obviously drunk and made more noise than usual in going upstairs. The door of his room had hardly been slammed shut when pitiable moans and screams began to be heard. Most of his fellow dwellers merely turned over on the other side with a casual remark, "the old man is at his tricks again."

But the screams grew louder and louder, and finally some one notified the police. When they came, the "operation" was over and the room was dark. To their knocks, Grossman gruffly responded that it was too late to open the door. They forced it, and what they saw is indescribable.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Why People With Weak Nerves and Thin Blood So Often Fail in Life

and are trampled down by strong, keen, red-blooded men with nerves of steel.

Without strong nerves you lose your magnetism, force and courage. You feel your own weakness and others know that you are weak. Trifling things annoy you—this is a sure sign of nerve exhaustion.

Some people are born with a very small amount of nerve-vital fluid, because their nerve force has been squandered by the lives lead by their ancestors. Others use up their nerve force faster than the body can make it.

When your nerve force becomes weakened, all the vital organs of your body lose their normal strength and vigor and as a result, all kinds of alarming symptoms may appear. From the pains across the back one person thinks he has kidney trouble; another may think his spine is injured because of the tender spots which may occur there; and a third may think he is going to have paresis and from the disagreeable, disagreeable, disagreeable in the front of his head, another feels he is going to die from high blood pressure. Boredness and nervous irritability, heart palpitation and indigestion are very common symptoms. Naturally, our strength, vigor, endurance and brain power are all greatly weakened, and in such a condition you are in no position to compete with the strong, keen red-blooded men with nerves of steel. When you lack

nerve force, there is only one thing that is going to help you—and that is more nerve force. In such cases mere stimulating medicines and narcotic drugs are often worse than useless; what you must have is something to furnish an increased supply of nerve force.

This is most effectively accomplished by the free use of Nuxated Iron. This valuable product contains the principal chemical constituent of active nerve cells. It is a form of iron which does not irritate the stomach, but is absorbed like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. This form of iron will not blacken nor injure the teeth, nor upset the stomach. It is an entirely different thing from metallic iron which people usually take. Nuxated Iron may therefore be termed both a blood and a nerve food, as it feeds directly on the iron in your blood and the principal chemical ingredient of active living nerve force to your brain and nerve.

Over four million people are using Nuxated Iron annually. From the remarkable beneficial results which it has produced, the manufacturers feel so certain of its efficacy that they guarantee satisfaction. If you are not satisfied, they will refund your money. Beware of substitutes. Look for the word "Nuxated" on every package. Nuxated Iron for the blood and nerves is sold by all druggists.

NUXATED IRON ENRICHES THE BLOOD-GIVES YOU NEW STRENGTH AND ENERGY

KU KLUX CZAR GROWING RICH SELLING WATER

(Continued from First Page.)

none too clean, for it is taken from the Chattahoochee river (Indian name for "Muddy Water"), which runs a few miles from Atlanta. It could just as well be taken from any other river but the Georgia river is most convenient. Presumably the dirty water of the river becomes purified and sanctified by decree from the imperial wizard. Professor William Joseph Simmons—and very costly.

Until reading the above, I doubt if any Klansman ever suspected the source of this "mysterious dedication fluid" as it is spoken of in the Kloran page 40.

Non-refillable Can.

It is the same water that the people of Atlanta drink and bathe in. The Atlanta drinking water is, of course, filtered, and presumably pure; yet it does not bring as big a price as the "blessed" fluid retailed in cans by Clarke.

Clarke sells his "sacred" water at \$10 per quart can.

After a can is once opened it cannot be used for a second ceremony, the theory being that the magic has been taken into the souls of candidates for Klansmen. So you are forced to buy another can when you hold a second ceremony.

Imagine the financial profit derived by Clarke from this canned river water.

In the initiation of the 700,000 members of the Klan, most of whom were taken in the last year, there must have been at least 350,000 ceremonies, at each of which a new can, at \$10, had to be opened.

That's \$3,500,000 right there, and the \$10 price is, of course, Atlanta, the purchasers paying the freight or express charges. The can must not, indeed cannot, be used a second time, because it is sealed and must not be opened with a can opener.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to Clarke that he might go into the market with "sacred" can openers. He doesn't miss many opportunities. For example, when the thought of going in for horse breeding, to supply Klansmen with horses to fill the horse robes they are forced to buy, he actually told me he intended manufacturing curry combs and all other horse accessories. But I am digressing from the "sacred" water.

Clarke's "canned spirits," in one-quart cans, are put up in Clarke's cannery in Atlanta. The cannery is about eighteen miles from the river and the water is piped to the cannery. The imperial wizard might have been built near the river, but for reasons of shipping convenience, the railroad yards being in Atlanta proper, the water is canned right there.

No initiation ceremony can take place without this very important "sacred" water. The ceremony is known as the dedication section, and follows immediately after the terrible oath and the making of the sign of the fiery cross with the blood from the arm of the candidate.

The Ceremony.

The ceremony, as described in the Kloran on pages 40 and 41, is as follows:

The Exalted Cyclops, addressing the candidates, says:

"Sirs, have each of you assumed without mental reservation your oath of allegiance to the Invisible Empire?"

"Mortal man cannot assume a more binding oath; character and courage alone will enable you to keep it. Always remember that to keep the oath means to you honor, happiness and life; but to violate it means disgrace, dishonor and death. May honor, happiness and life be yours."

He then holds up the vessel from the Sacred Altar containing the dedication fluid (Clarke's "canned spirits"), addressing the candidates as follows:

"With this transparent, life-giving, powerful, God-given fluid, more precious and far more significant than all the sacred oils of the ancients, I set each of you apart from the men of your daily association to the great and honorable task you have voluntarily allotted yourselves as citizens of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

Stanza Is Sung.

"As a Klansman may your character be as transparent, your life purpose as powerful, your motive in all things as magnanimous and as pure, and your Klansmanship as real and as faithful as the morning operation, and you a vital being as useful to humanity as is pure water to mankind."

"You will kneel on your right knee."

Here the following stanza is sung in a low, solemn but distinct tone by a quartet to the tune of "Just As I Am Without One Plea":

"To Thee, oh God, I call to Thee—True to my oath, oh, help me be! Thy blessed blood, my life, my all; Oh, give me grace that I not fail."

The Exalted Cyclops then continues: "Sirs, kneel the uplifted fiery cross which by its holy light looks down upon you to bless with its sacred traditions of the past—I dedicate you in mind, in spirit and in life, to the holy service of our Invisible Klan, our homes, each other and humanity."

He then advances with Clarke's "canned spirits," which have been poured into a special container also sold by Clarke, to each candidate, repeating the following operation: "Pouring a few drops of the dedication fluid on each candidate's back he says, 'In body,' then a few drops on his head, saying, 'In mind,' then placing a few drops in his own hand and tossing it upward into the air, saying, 'In spirit.' Then moving his hand in a horizontal circular motion around the candidate's head he concludes with 'And in life.'"

Everyone then kneels except the officers officiating at the Sacred Altar. The Exalted Cyclops steps to the rear and left of the Koludd (Chaplain), the Night Hawk (in charge of the candidates) remaining in his position, the Koludd advances and stands close to the Sacred Altar on the side toward the station of the Exalted Cyclops. The Koludd then commands, "Let us pray" and repeats the dedicatory prayer:

"God of following operation, Thou who didst create man and his purpose that man should fill a dis-

Congressman Who Will Demand Inquiry Into Ku Klux



CONG. PETER F. TAGUE, of Massachusetts, a member of the Ways and Means Committee and one of the number of Congressmen who will demand an immediate inquiry into the activities of the Ku Klux Klan when the House assembles.

inct place and perform a specific work in the economy of Thy good government. Thou hast revealed Thyself and Thy purpose to man, and by this revelation we have learned our place and our work. Therefore, we have solemnly dedicated ourselves as Klansmen to that sublime work harmonious with Thy will and purpose in our creation.

The Exalted Cyclops then steps to the altar, instructs the candidates to arise and says:

"Sirs, you are no longer strangers or aliens among us, but are citizens with us; and with confidence in your character that you have not sworn falsely or deceitfully in the assumption of your oath, I, on behalf of our Emperor and all Klansmen, welcome you to citizenship in the Empire of Chivalry, Honor, Industry and Love."

"By authority invested in me by our Emperor, I now declare and proclaim each of you a citizen of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, and invest you with the title of Klansman, the most honorable title among men."

MINGO LEADERS SURRENDER ON SLAYING CHARGE

C. F. Keeney and Fred Mooney, of Miners' Union, Locked Up at Williamson.

By MILDRED MORRIS,

WILLIAMSON, W. Va., Sept. 18.—C. F. Keeney and Fred Mooney, president and secretary, respectively, of District No. 17, United Mine Workers of America, were landed in jail here early today. They are indicted for the murder of two men during a battle of tug-of-war, near here, last May.

Keeney and Mooney disappeared from Charleston during the height of the recent miners' trouble in Logan county. All attempts to apprehend them since have failed.

Both men stated to the International News Service that they had been in Ohio, but they did not reveal in what part of that State they had been.

President Keeney and Secretary Mooney surrendered to Governor E. F. Morgan at Charleston yesterday.

Will Offer Bail.

H. W. Houston, counsel for the two men will go into court here today and offer bail for their release. If they are not released on bail they will be held in the Mingo county jail here and will be tried with other officers of the United Mine Workers. The trial is set down for October 3.

Prices realized on Swift & Co. sales of carcasses beef in Washington, D. C. for week ending Saturday, September 17, 1921, on shipments sold out, ranged from 10 cents to 18 cents per pound and averaged 13.35 cents per pound—Adv.

Senators Told Miner Was Slain in Prison For Refusal to Fight

By H. K. REYNOLDS, By International News Service.

WILLIAMSON, W. Va., Sept. 18.—Stories of alleged brutality and even murder by State officials and mine guards of Logan county, the seat of the recent industrial war, were placed today before the Senate committee which is probing underlying causes of strife in the West Virginia coal fields.

Sworn statements by two men who were looking for work in Logan county that a man on August 14 was "shot down in cold blood in the corridor of

the jail at Logan because he refused to take his place in the line of deputy sheriffs" to compel the advance of the miners' army were today placed before the committee.

The affidavits, signed by Colman Stanfield and Floyd D. Griggs, were put in the hands of Senator Keeney, chairman of the investigating committee, by Harold F. Houston, attorney for the United Mine Workers of America.

Testify to Brutality.

"I witnessed two deputy sheriffs bringing prisoners over to the jail," said Stanfield's affidavit. "They were beating and kicking one man, a union bricklayer from Huntington, W. Va. He was kept in jail all day. On refusing to fight he was taken from his cell into the corridor and shot down in cold blood. Two deputies then took him by the feet and dragged him from the jail."

Griggs alleged that after his own arrest he was escorted by three deputy sheriffs before Sheriff Don Chafin in the courthouse, that Chafin pinned a white band around Griggs' left arm, escorted him to a room filled with rifles and ammunition and told him to select a Winchester rifle and "go to the front and fight."

Griggs said that when he informed the sheriff he had carried a rifle for eighteen months in the Fifth regiment, United States mines, and that he did not propose to go and fight as directed, Sheriff Chafin "drew a .45-caliber revolver and, putting the muzzle in my face, told me I would either fight or die."

Griggs and Stanfield said they were finally released from the Logan jail at midnight, September 2, and given fifteen minutes to leave town.

Church Mortgage Burned.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Sept. 19.—The mortgage which has been carried by the United Brethren Church, Adamsport, was burned yesterday at a special service.

Prices realized on Swift & Co. sales of carcasses beef in Washington, D. C. for week ending Saturday, September 17, 1921, on shipments sold out, ranged from 10 cents to 18 cents per pound and averaged 13.35 cents per pound—Adv.

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-Talk About BACON

JUST pick up a slice of Auth's Bacon and SMELL it! Get that flavorful odor—that honest-to-goodness, savory tang? Wonder now why you have such a ravenous appetite every time its aroma reaches your delighted nostrils?

Why continue eating mere matter-of-fact breakfasts when they can be so delightfully enjoyable? Eat Auth's Bacon every day! You'll never tire of its rich, appetite-inspiring goodness.

Sold by all leading grocers and at our market stands.

Look for "Circle of Goodness" identifying Auth's products and insist on getting

Auth's sausages

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Under U. S. Government Supervision.

Watch the Change when you shampoo our way

You who accepted the free trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo know what these changes are. You have seen the silky texture which Palmolive gives your hair and admired the becoming satiny gloss.

It cleansed your scalp of every trace of clogging dirt and dandruff, leaving the delicate organism of each hair to do its natural work.

These results are due to the action of palm and olive oils in combination. These costly Oriental oils, famous for centuries as softening, relaxing, beautifying cleansers, are the basis of Palmolive Shampoo.

How they act

The softening effects of olive oil are responsible for the lovely gloss and softness. It produces the mildest, most penetrating of lathers, which is given body and richness by the blending with palm oil.

This lather is far more than a surface cleanser. It enters every root and hair cell and purges them from dirt, oil and dandruff.

Yet this hair, which is so thoroughly cleansed, isn't dry, harsh or brittle. The soothing action of palm and olive oil keeps it soft and glossy.

PALMOLIVE Shampoo

The Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

You must fight dandruff

Even the healthiest scalps secrete a moderate amount of dandruff, which doctors call seborrhea and charge with most hair troubles.

It is harmless enough if, when you shampoo, it is thoroughly washed away.

But ordinary shampooing doesn't affect the dry, oily scales which withstand most cleansing. They accumulate until the hair cells are clogged.

This clogging prevents proper nutrition and your hair begins to come out. This is the danger signal.

The softening, penetrating lather produced by the blending of palm and olive oils penetrates the formation of scales, loosening and dislodging them from hair roots and scalp.

You need never fear dandruff if you shampoo with Palmolive.

If you didn't get the free 15-cent trial bottle of Palmolive Shampoo, fill out and mail this coupon to the Palmolive Company. We will gladly mail it, that you may learn the results which follow even the first Palmolive shampoo.

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